

POLICE

54
11

QUALITY
SERIES

NOVEMBER No. 72

COMICS

10¢

**IS
PLASTIC MAN
PREY FOR
MR. CAT?**

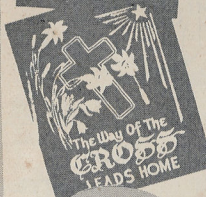
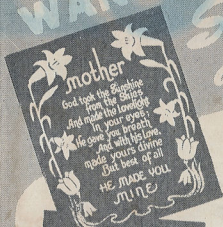




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IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

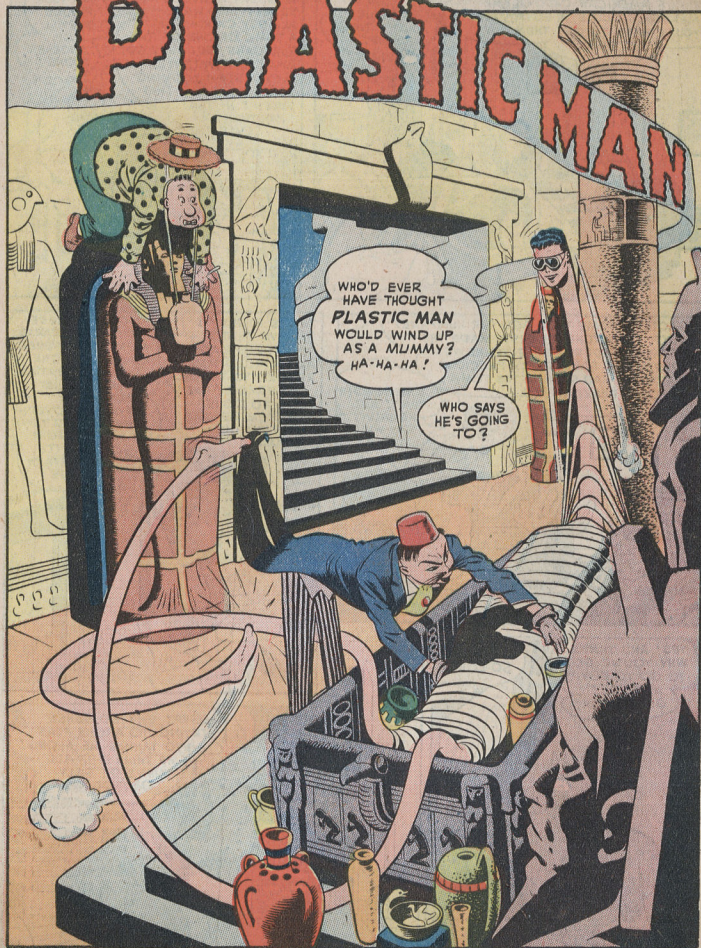
**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO**

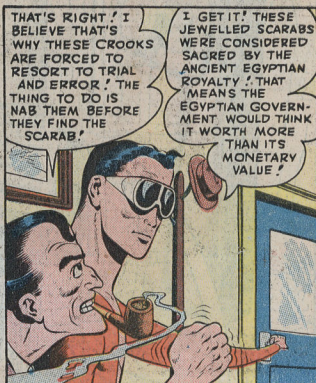
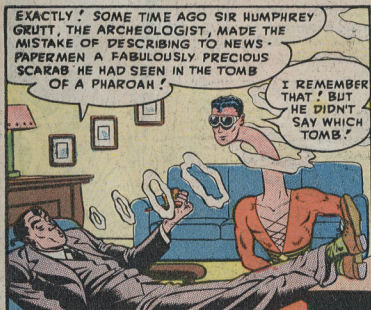
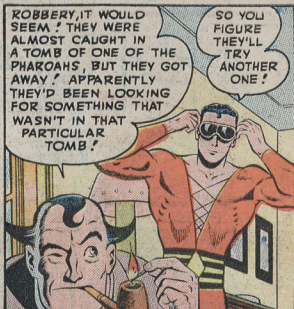
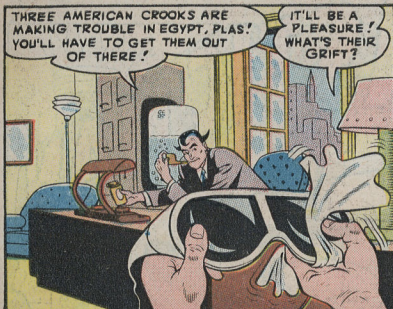
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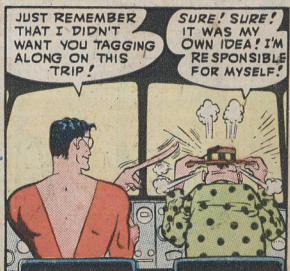
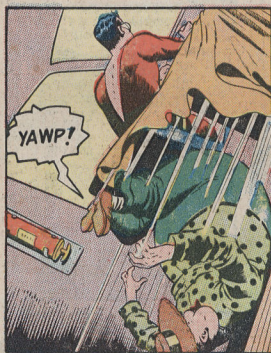
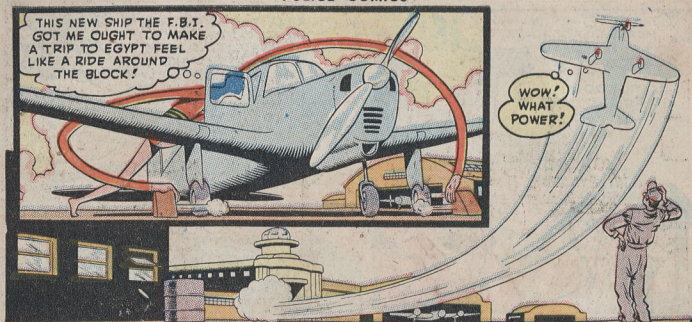
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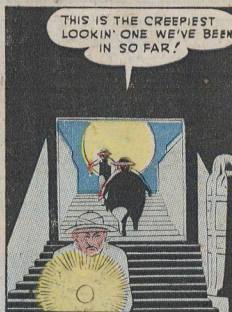
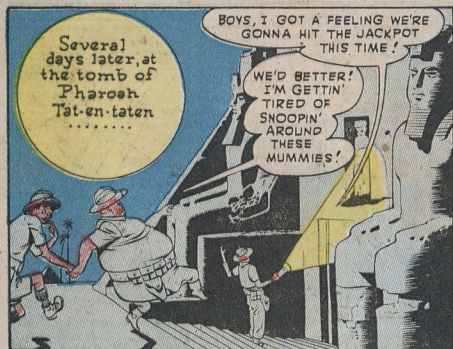
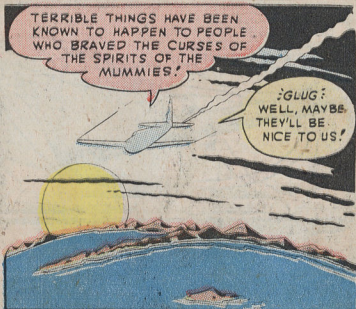
PLASTIC MAN



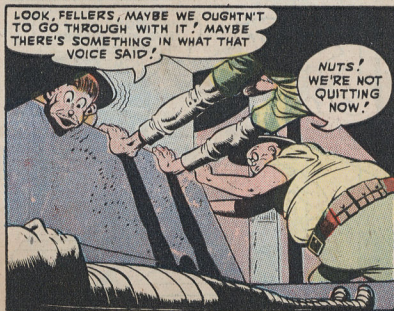
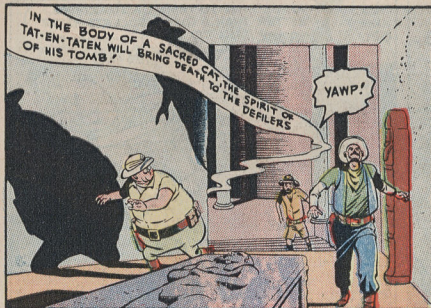
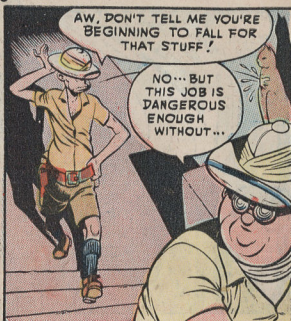
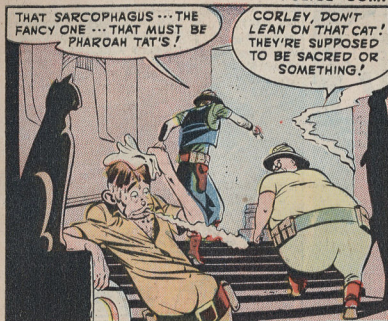


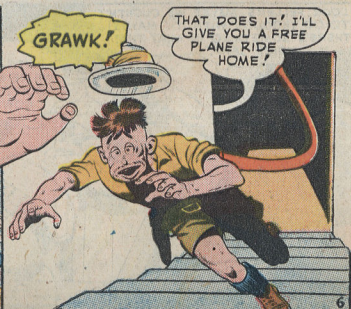
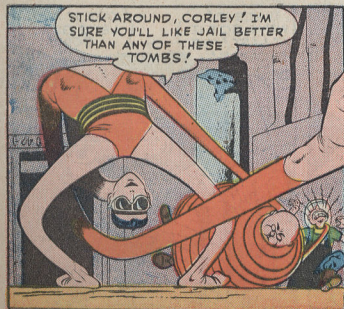
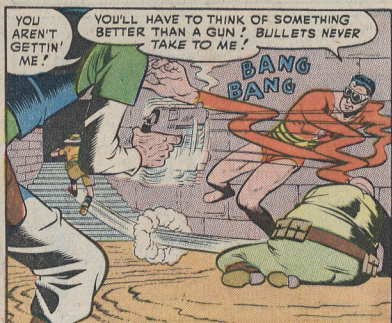
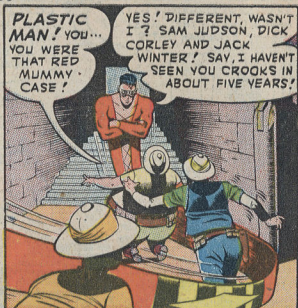
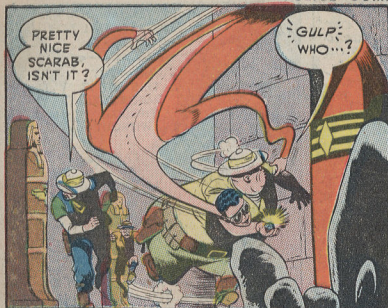


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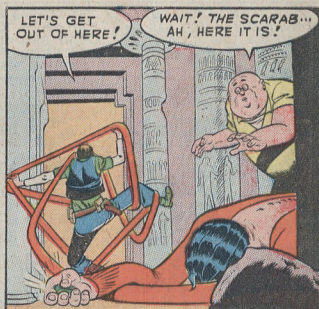
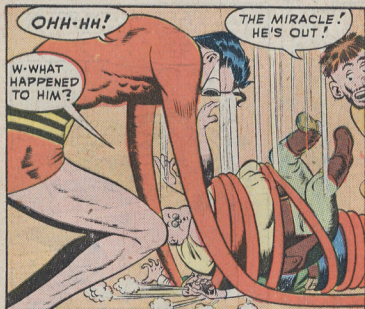
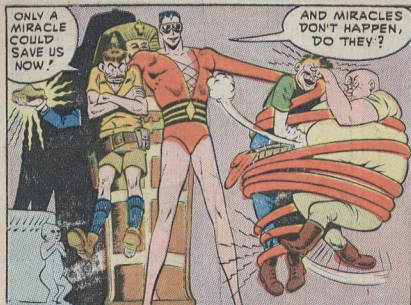


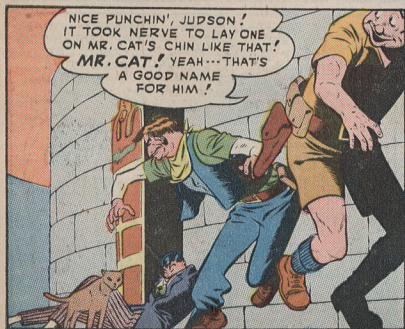
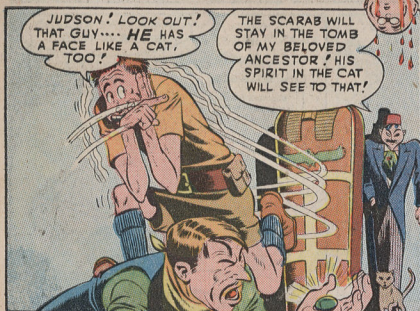
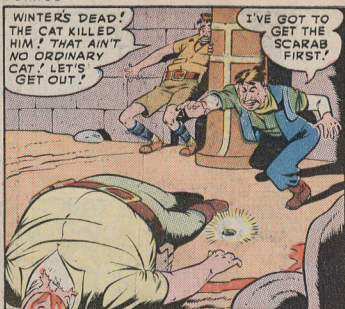
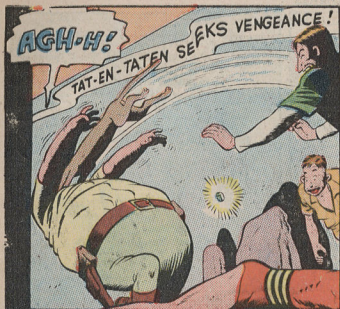
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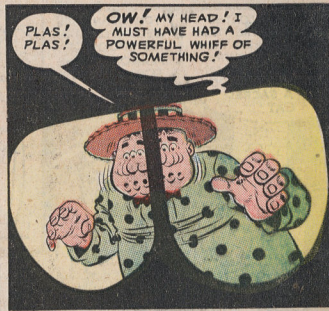


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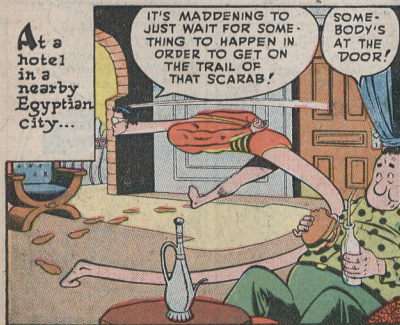
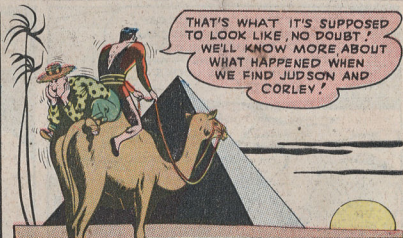
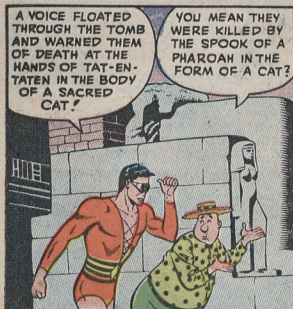
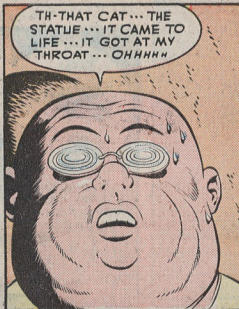




A little while later....



POLICE COMICS

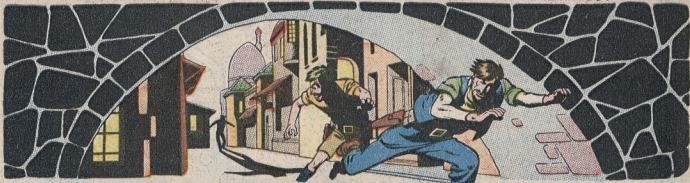


YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE CORLEY FROM THE CURSE... IF THAT'S WHAT IT IS! LISTEN... THE GUY WHO PUT YOU OUT HAS A FACE LIKE A CAT! WE CALLED HIM **MR. CAT!**

TAKE IT EASY, JUDSON! I'M LISTENING!

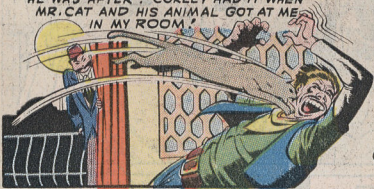


'HE APPEARED RIGHT AFTER THE CAT... THE ONE THAT LOOKED LIKE THE STATUE... CLAWED WINTER TO DEATH! I LET HIM HAVE ONE AND WE GOT AWAY! ANYWAY, WE **THOUGHT** WE DID! THEN WE SAW **MR. CAT** TRAILING US!



'CORLEY AND I DECIDED TO SPLIT UP SO MR. CAT WOULDN'T KNOW WHICH ONE OF US HAD THE SCARAB... WE KNEW THAT'S WHAT HE WAS AFTER! CORLEY HAD IT WHEN MR. CAT AND HIS ANIMAL GOT AT ME... IN MY ROOM!

'I'M DYING! THAT CAT HAS THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND CATS! MAYBE IT REALLY IS A REINCARNATED PHAROAH! TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T PULL ME IN, PLASTIC MAN! CORLEY'S AT THE HOTEL METRO! SO LONG! OHHHH..."

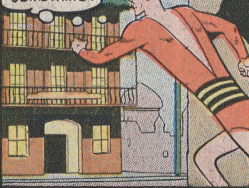


MR. CAT MUST BE QUITE A CHARACTER! STAY HERE, WOOLY! I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT THE SAME THING DOESN'T HAPPEN TO CORLEY!

GOSH, PLAS! WATCH OUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TO YOU, TOO!

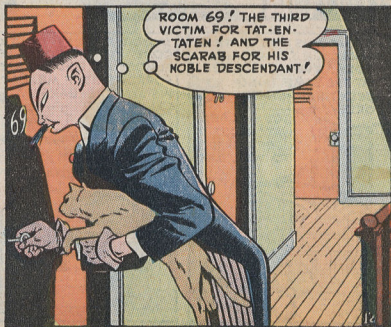
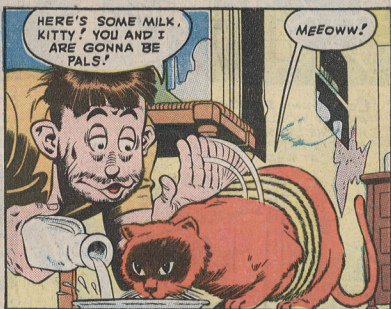
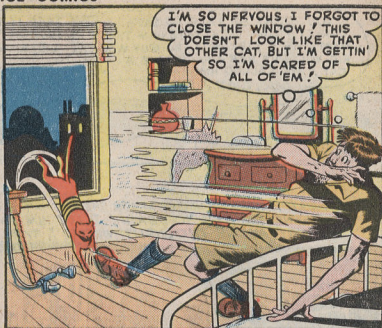


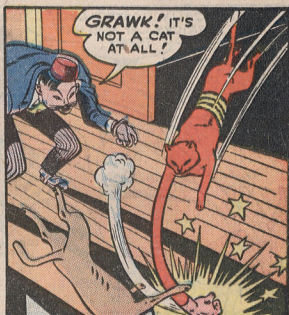
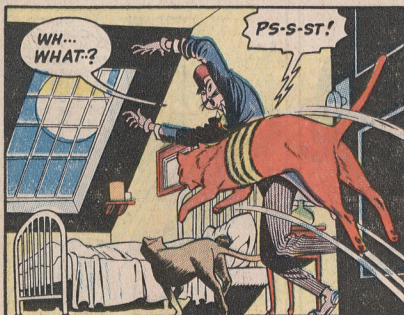
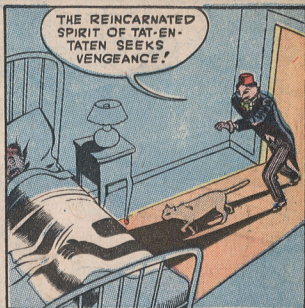
IF CORLEY SEES PLASTIC MAN COME INTO HIS ROOM, HE'LL GET ALMOST AS BAD A CASE OF THE HORRORS AS IF MR. CAT AND HIS KITTY APPEARED! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

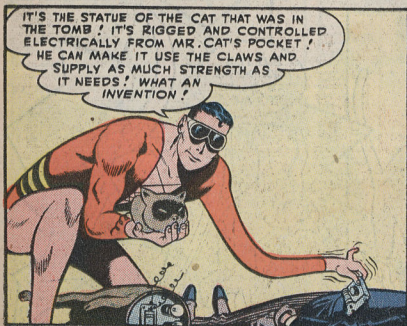
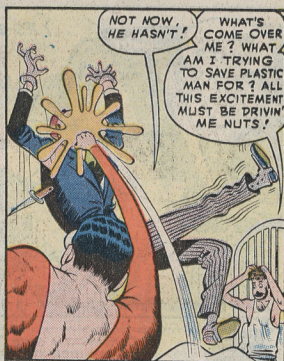
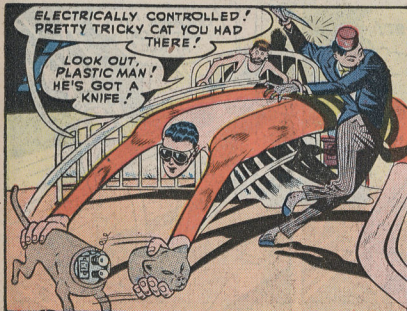
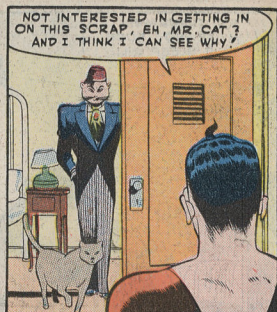
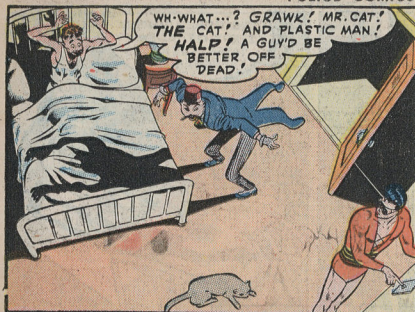


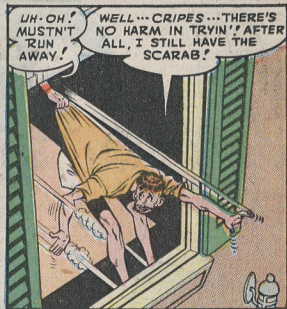
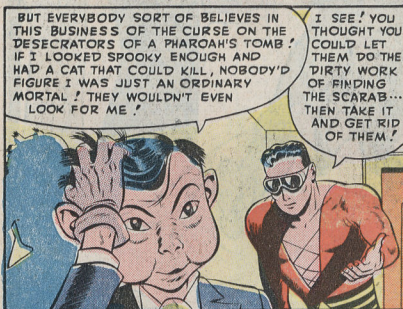
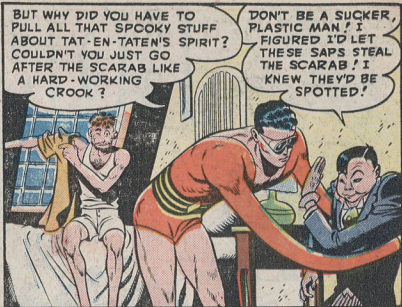
I CAN'T GET JUDSON ON THE WIRE! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM! AND THERE'S NO PLANE OUT OF HERE UNTIL TOMORROW! MR. CAT'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE TO GET AT ME!





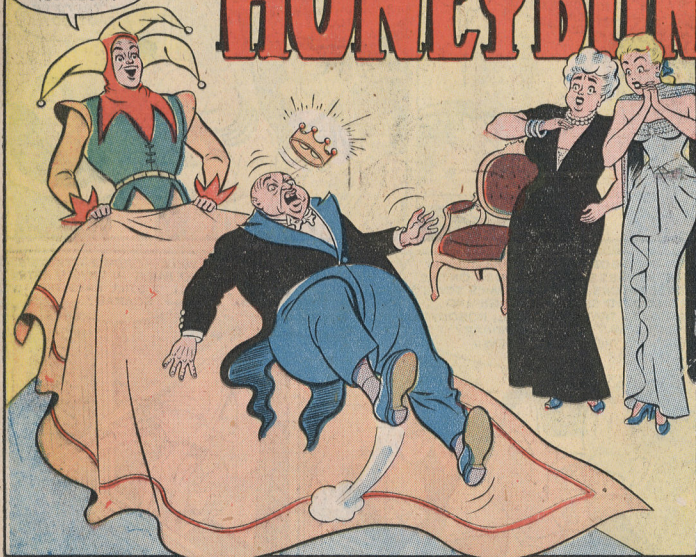






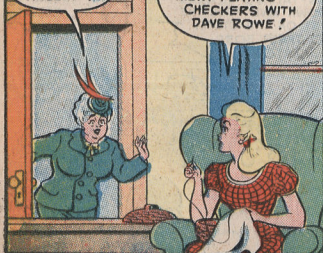
HO! HO! HO!
KING, YOU HAVE NO
IDEA HOW FUNNY
YOU LOOK!

HONEYBUN



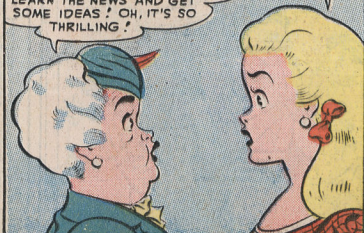
MIGGS, I HAVE THE
MOST EXCITING NEWS!
BUT, FIRST... IS
HONEYBUN
AROUND?

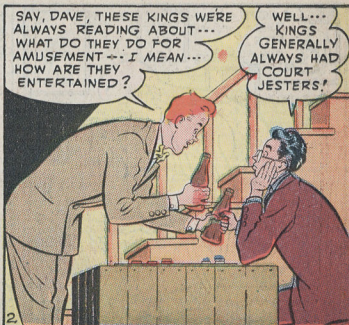
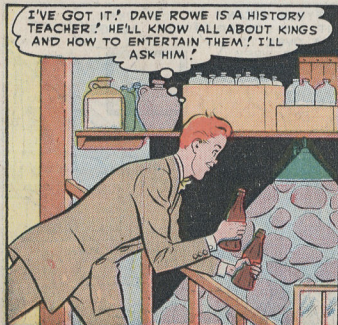
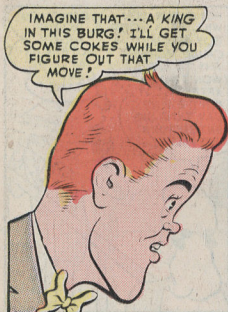
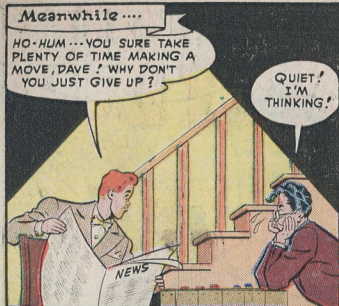
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HONEYBUN,
MOTHER. HE'S
DOWN IN THE BASE-
MENT PLAYING
CHECKERS WITH
DAVE ROWE.

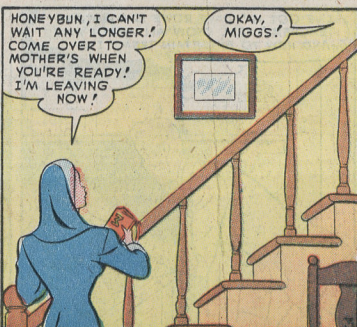
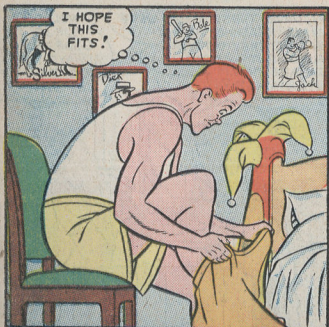
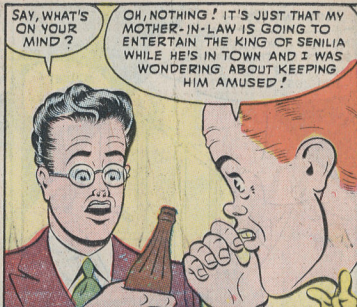


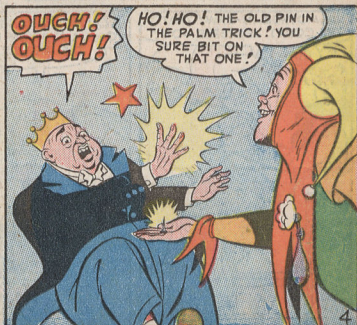
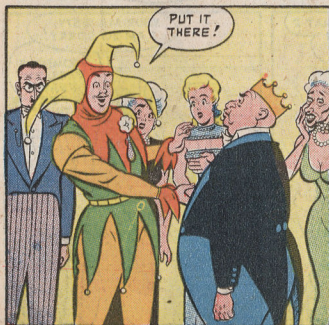
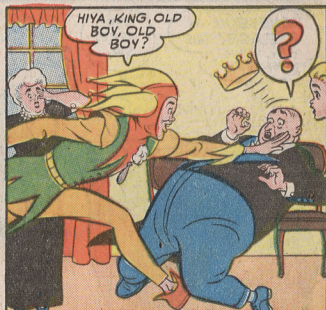
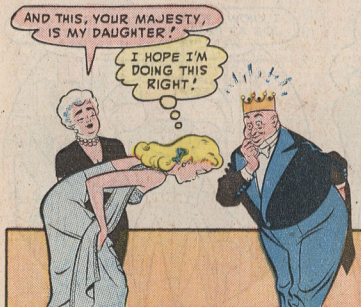
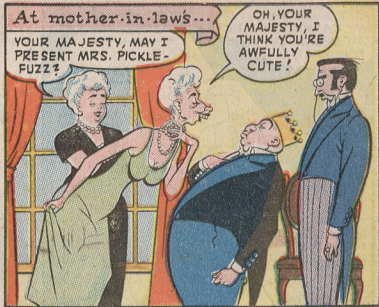
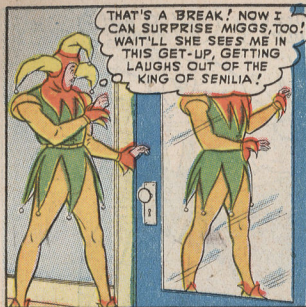
OH...THE YOUNG MAN WHO
TEACHES HISTORY AT THE
HIGH SCHOOL? WELL, HE COULD
GIVE ME A FEW POINTERS, BUT
I WOULDN'T DARE ASK HIM NOW
FOR FEAR HONEYBUN WOULD
LEARN THE NEWS AND GET
SOME IDEAS! OH, IT'S SO
THRILLING!

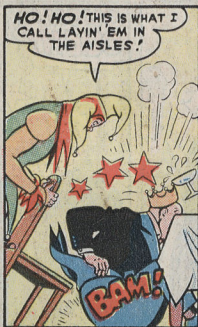
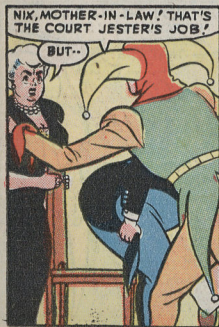
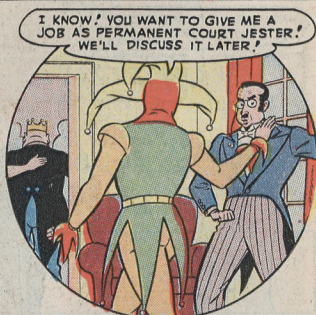
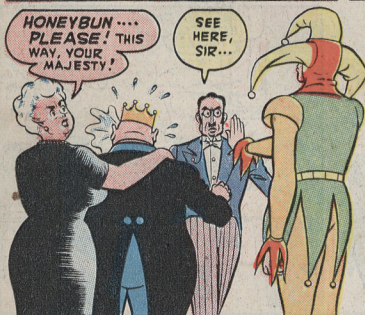
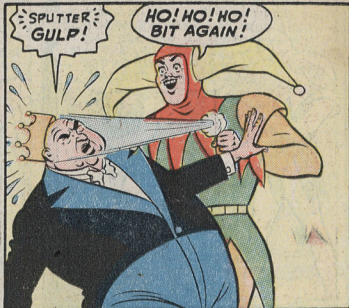
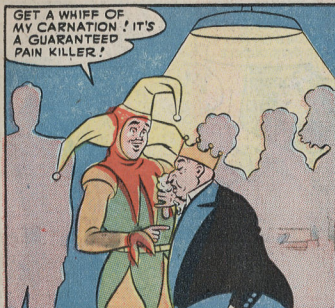
MOTHER, WHAT
ON EARTH
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

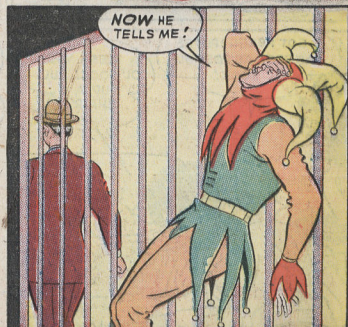
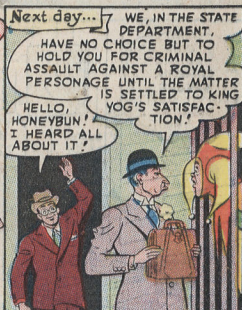
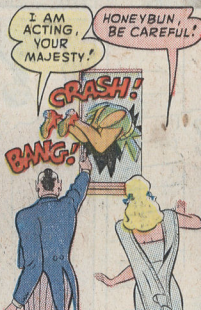
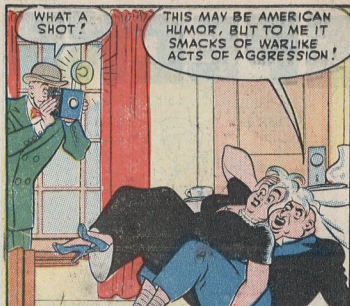
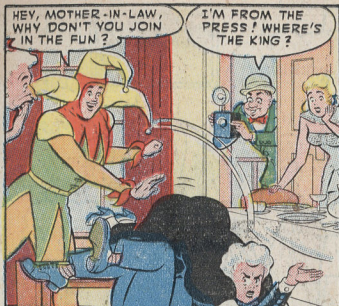




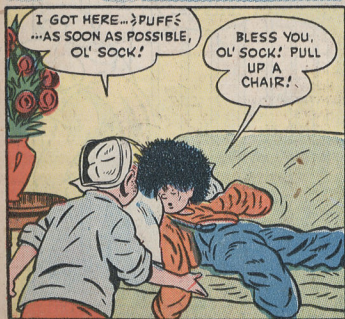
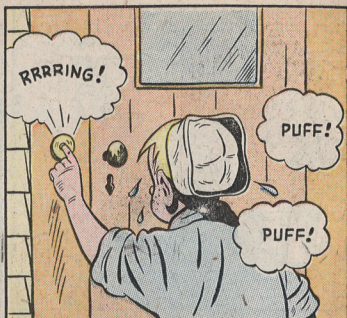
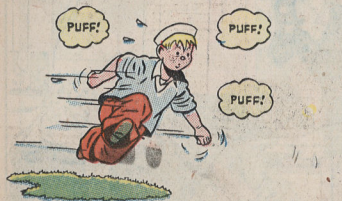


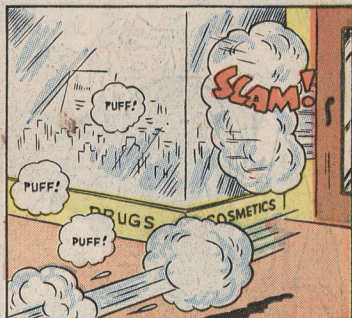
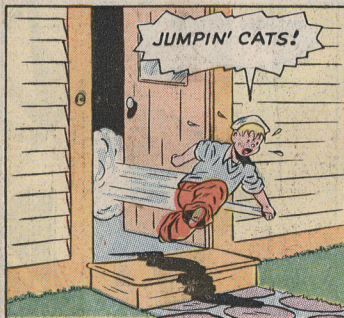
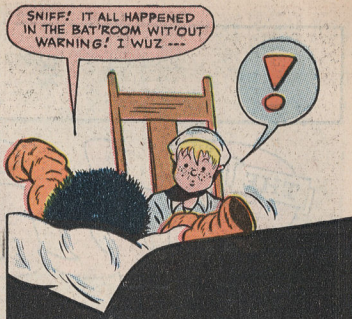
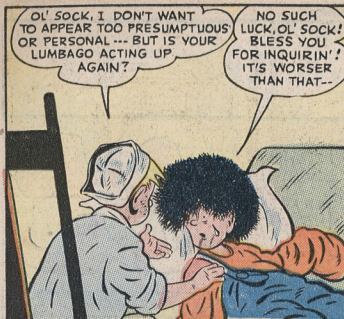






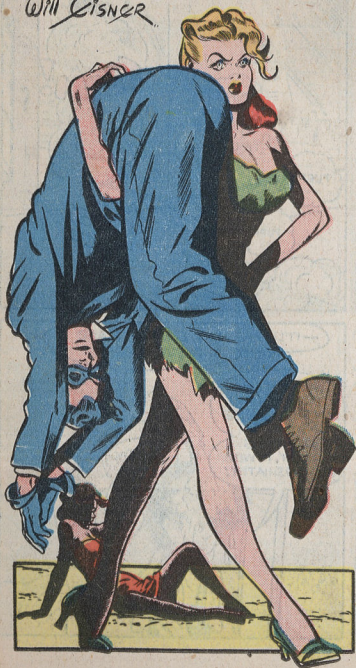
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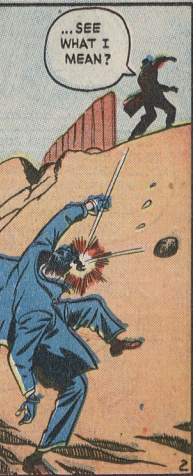
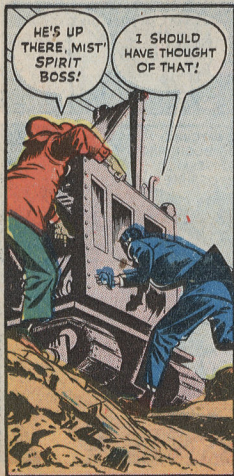
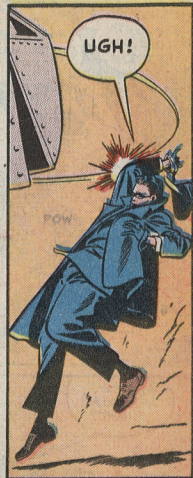
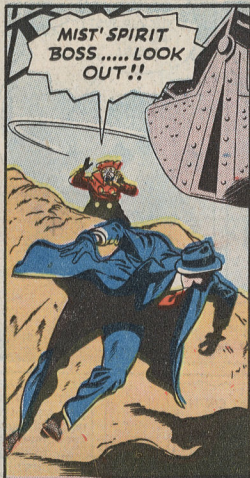


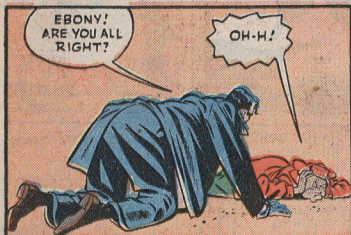


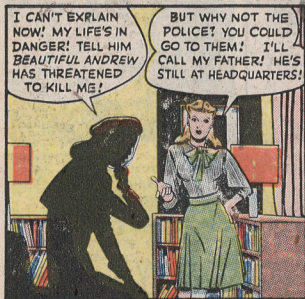
THE Spirit

by
Will Eisner











HMMM! WELL,
SEE YOU LATER!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE
FATIGUE WENT RIGHT OUT OF
HIM AS SOON AS HE HEARD
SHE WAS NICE TO LOOK AT!

MO' LIKELY HE WAS
INT'RESTED IN GITTIN'
AT BEAUTIFUL ANDREW
AGAIN, MISS ELLEN!



MAYBE! BUT NOW I THINK OF
IT, HOW DO I KNOW THAT
WOMAN DIDN'T DREAM UP A
STORY SO SHE COULD MAKE
A PLAY FOR THE SPIRIT? SHE
CERTAINLY LOOKED THE TYPE!
AND SHE'D BEEN FOLLOWING
HIM LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT HE COMES HERE!



WHERE
YOU GOIN',
MISS ELLEN?

I'M GOING TO KEEP
AN EYE ON THE SPIRIT
JUST IN CASE HE
PROVES TOO
SUSCEPTIBLE!



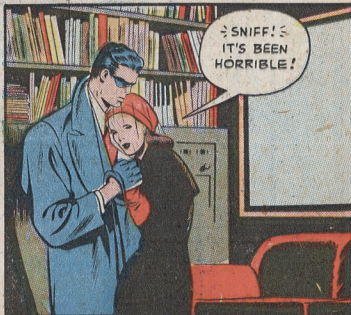
YOU WANTED
TO SEE
ME?



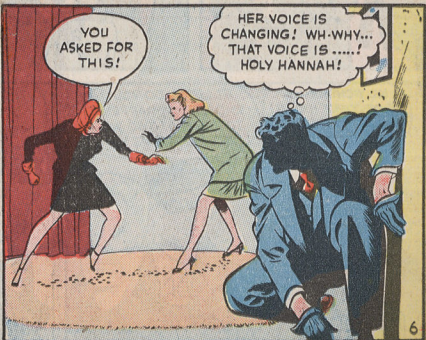
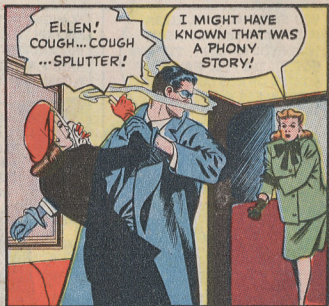
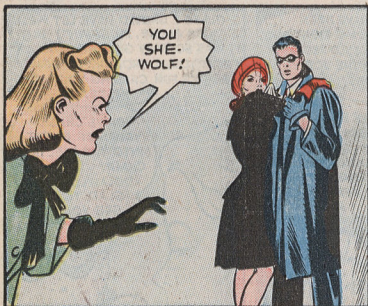
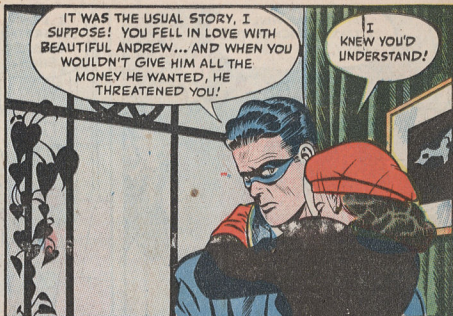
OH... YOU'VE COME!
I LEFT MY HAT AND VEIL
ON SO THAT I COULD
GO OUT AGAIN! I'M
SO AFRAID TO
STAY HERE!

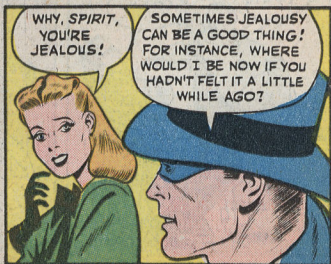
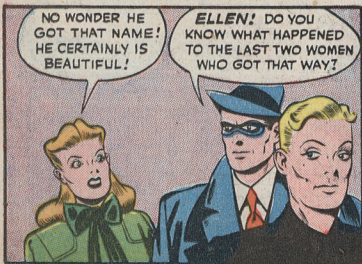
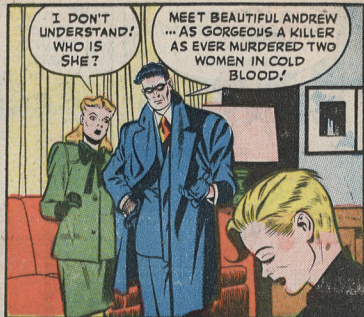
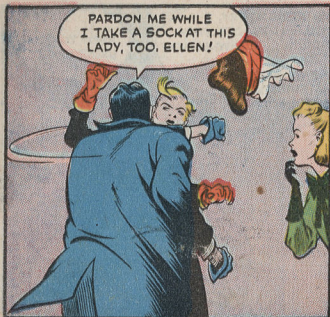


YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT TERROR MEANS
UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN
THREATENED THE
WAY I HAVE!
= SNIFF! =

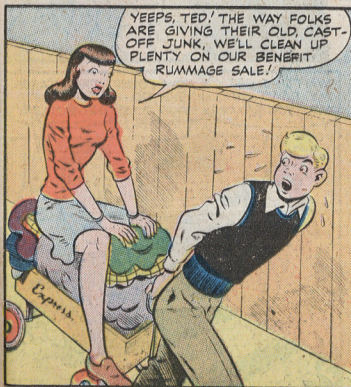
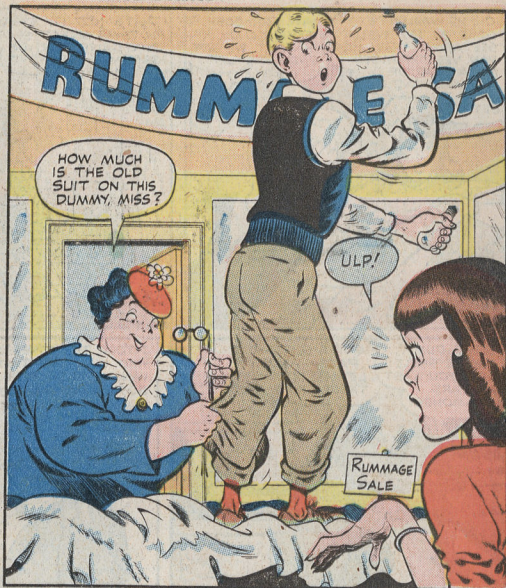


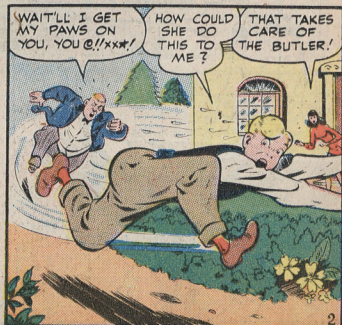
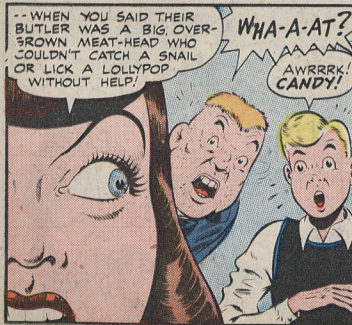
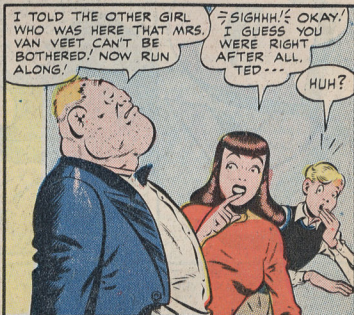
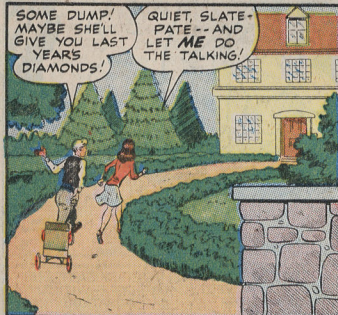
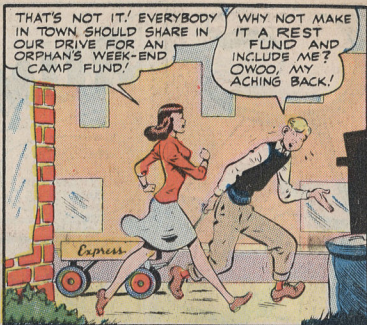
= SNIFF! =
IT'S BEEN
HORRIBLE!



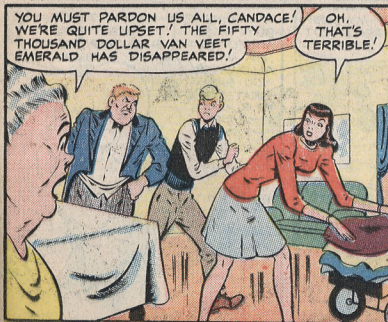
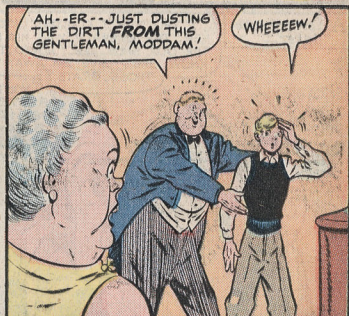
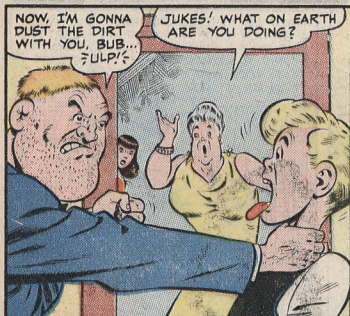


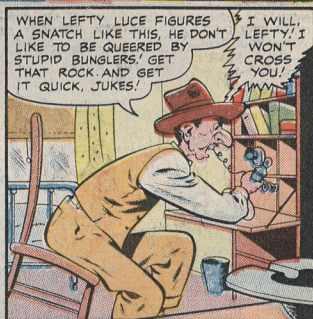
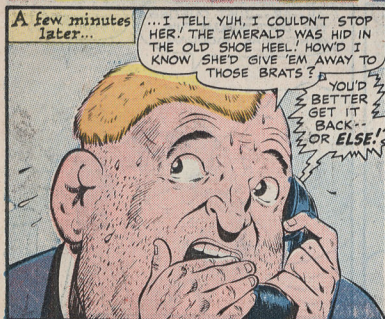
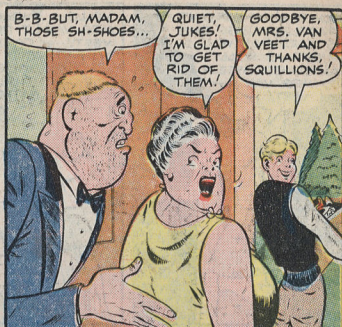
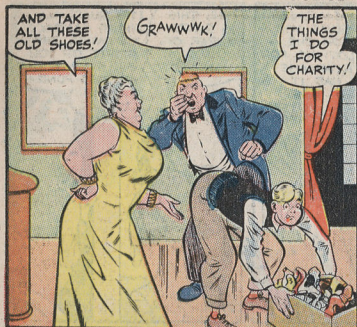
CANDY

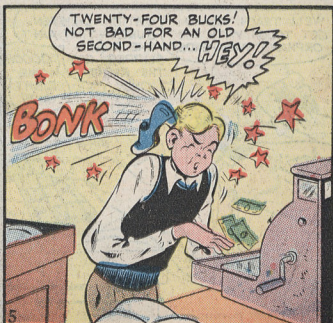
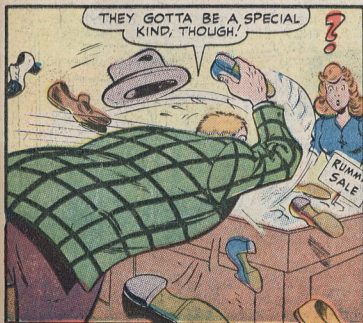
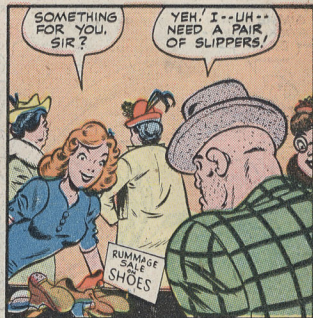
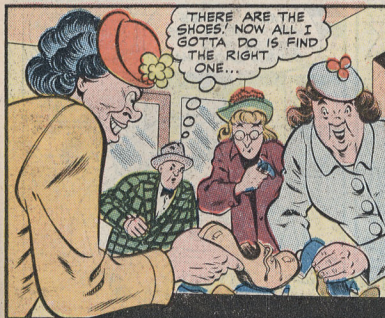
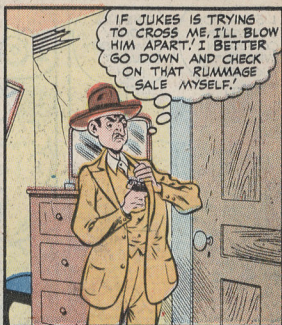
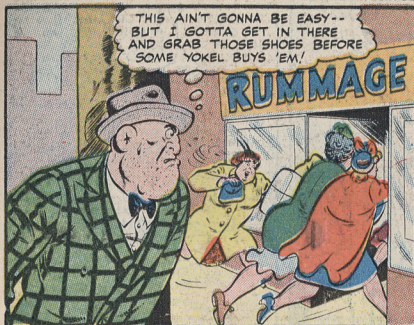




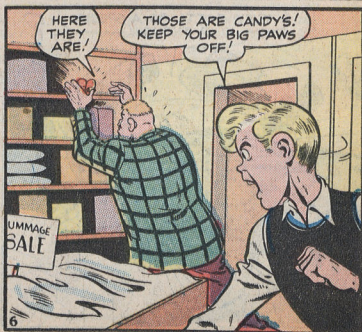
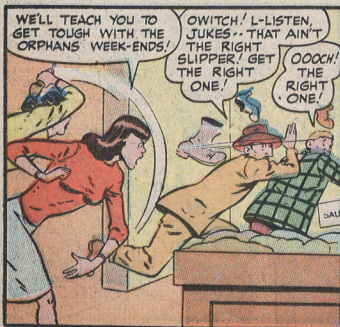
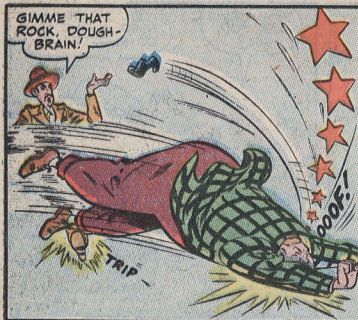
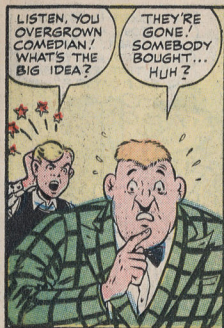
POLICE COMICS

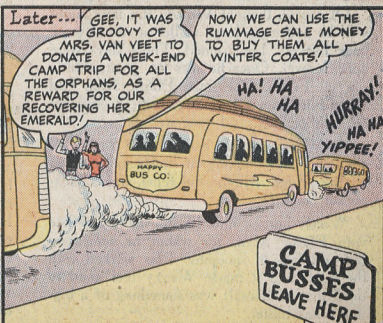
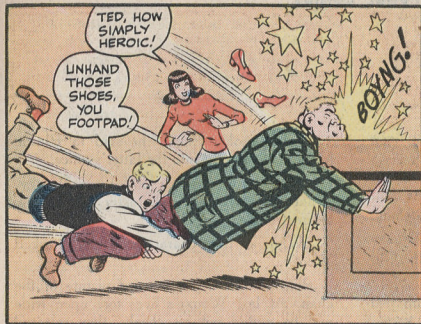






POLICE COMICS





DEATH in the temple

WOOZY regarded the nondescript man lounging on the rail of the San Francisco bridge. Woozy didn't look much better in appearance sartorially, but he figured he had more brains than the guy he was watching.

No one topped Woozy in brains—Woozy figured. Except, of course, Plastic Man. Old Plas knew everything twice over.

The man Woozy watched, for no apparent reason, turned suddenly and regarded his regarnder. He started a bit when the sun glinted on the buzzer (that's a police badge in Woozy's case a pure phony tin one) with a sudden puckering of the brow. Then he grinned.

"Hi, coooper," he said. "You aimin' to take the dive?"

Woozy didn't know whether he meant pinch some joint or plunge off the bridge, so he said, "I been keeping an eye peeled on you, bum."

"Bum, huh?" The man tightened, took a step forward. Woozy stepped backward. He said, "I'm a bum, too."

"You look it." The nondescript man spat over the rail and turned his back.

Of course, thought Woozy, this mug might well be packing a large wallet in one of those back pockets. He grinned. Those days were gone forever. Once he was the greatest little dip in 'Frisco. But since Plastic Man had saved him from a long stretch, he'd given up the easy pickings and gone straight.

As Woozy strolled back toward San Francisco, he kept thinking of that man standing on the bridge. Maybe the feller was a pick-pocket himself!

Woozy hurried now because he had a date with Plastic Man, for whom he sometimes did odd jobs of snooping. Plas worked with the FBI, and it made Woozy feel good to think that he himself was something of a big-shot crime buster.

"What cooks, Plas?" he said to Plastic Man as he stepped into the latter's office.

"I've got a little tailing job for you, Woozy. Want you to follow a character that I think means trouble."

"Who is this character, Plas?" asked Woozy.

Plastic Man began a word picture of the chap. At last Woozy's eyes tore open wide and he puffed out his cheeks, then released the air with a whoosh.

"Migosh, Plas! I was just gassin' with that there person!"

"What?"

"For a fact, Plas. That party and me was standing on the bridge not more'n an hour ago, an' I asked him I says, 'Who're you?' an he says a fat bum I am."

Plastic Man looked at his rubicund assistant and grinned. "Okay, Woozy, that's fine, but now get serious. Find that guy quick!"

Woozy had clumped along for more than fifteen minutes before he remembered that Plastic Man had told him nothing about that fellow. Nothing at all. Just find him. Funny.

Back on the bridge, Woozy found no sign of the man. Had he dived into the bay?

Well, what am I to do now? thought Woozy. If I go back and tell Plas that the guy slipped through my fingers—Hey! He didn't slip through. I did not have a thing on him, so let him go.

The motor traffic across the bridge rumbled and roared constantly, and Woozy wondered how the bridge employees stood it. He looked up into the girders and cables hundreds of feet above him. He saw a couple of painters at work, looking like ants. They never quite finished painting the big bridge; by the time they reached the end, they had to start all over again.

POLICE COMIC!

A car came roaring along. Its speed was so great that Woozy hugged the farthest wall. The car careened a bit, dodging other cars. As it flashed past he saw three men inside, two of them leaning around the rear corners with pistols in their hands.

Then Woozy was conscious of another car coming just as fast. It was a police car. Guns stuck from it like quills from a porcupine. But there was no shooting because there were too many cars between chaser and chaser.

It was just as the cops' car batted past that Woozy saw a round black ball-shaped thing arc up over the side of the bridge and start falling toward the middle of the street.

He thought at first that it was a baseball. But no. Then he abruptly saw the thing vanish from sight while still a good twenty feet above the street.

It had been grabbed by a long, snake-like arm! Grabbed in mid-air.

"B-but who grabbed it?" Woozy demanded of himself. "Where is the guy who grabbed it?"

About that time he heard a terrific explosion far below him and he peered over the bridge railing. The water shot up in a great geyser.

Then a long arm shot upward from under the bridge. At the end of it was a hand with yard-long fingers. The fingers circled Woozy's pudgy body and he was plucked off his feet, waved about in the air and then suddenly drawn down under the bridge span.

"Plas!" he yelled as he came to rest on a barge on the water. "Whassamatter? How come?"

"Get goin'!" shouted Plastic Man to the driver of the barge. It scooted away in a powerful chuckle of motor, came about and faced the span again.

"Woozy," said Plastic Man, "in another few moments you'll see why I nailed you and brought you down here—"

BANG!

The tremendous roar was accompanied by an upflinging of steel girders, asphalt blocks, hunks of concrete and cables. A gaping hole appeared in one span of the bridge. For a full minute pieces fell splashing into the water not far from the barge.

"That's why," said Plastic Man quietly. "You'd have been a bird, Woozy, otherwise; a gull, or perhaps some strange vulture."

Woozy shook his head and blinked his eyes a few times.

"Right where I was standing, there's where the hole is," he ruminated. He whirled on Plastic Man.

"But I don't get it. Plas. I don't get it."

"It was a plot, Woozy. That man you were watching on the bridge earlier today is the one who arranged the explosion. His idea was to blow up a lot of people in cars."

"Why?" demanded Woozy. "And how come you didn't find him, or the dynamite? You was under the bridge."

Plastic Man nodded. "I was, while you were mooning up on the bridge. I tried to find the place he'd stashed the explosive. I couldn't. So all I could decently do was rescue you. Although I sometimes wonder why I want to rescue you."

"Plas!" moaned Woozy, sorely hurt. Then he brightened.

"But you didn't let a lot of people get blown to bits, did you?" he asked.

"No," said Plastic Man. "Long before the blast went off everybody had been barred from the bridge entrances."

Woozy wagged his head a few times. "One thing I don't get, Plas. How did you know there was to be an explosion on the bridge?"

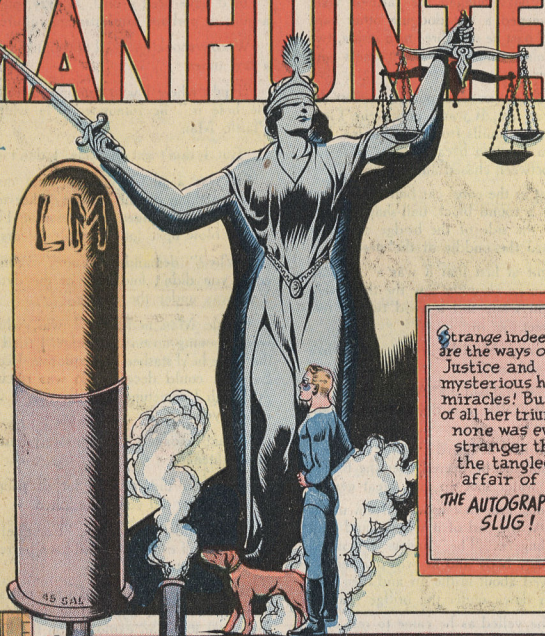
Plastic Man grinned. "Fair question, my dopey pal. I didn't know. But when you told me about a man loitering on that span, I remembered reading that the Prince and Princess of Moravia were to pass over the bridge this afternoon at exactly two o'clock."

"B-but—w-wha—"

"Let me finish," said Plastic Man. "There was a man painting under the bridge when I was reaching up for you. I naturally didn't recognize the man you told me about—with his white painters' overalls on. But that was he. He was carrying some highly explosive substance, and set off his charge exactly at two bells, believing his victims were right above him. Now do you understand?"

POLICE COMICS

MANHUNTER



WHERE THE SLUG WAS BORN...

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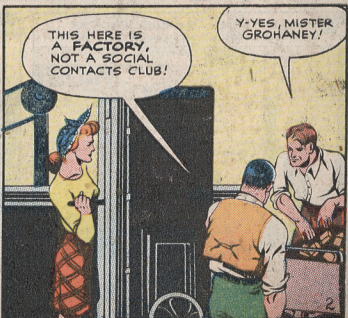
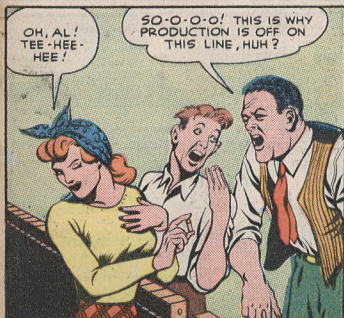
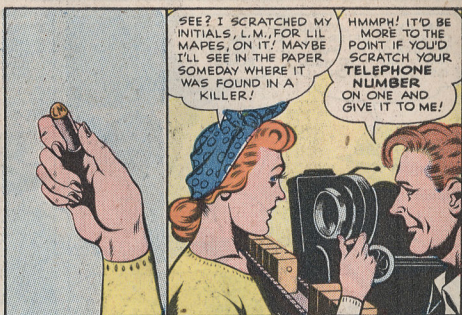
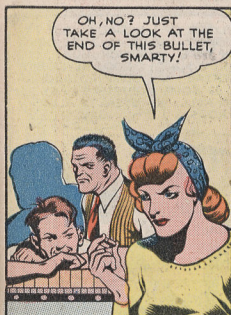
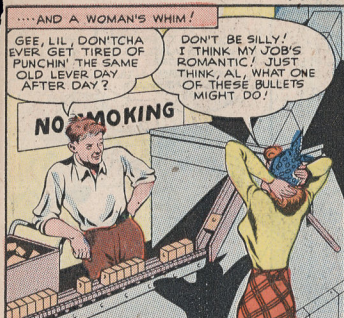
FILCHER
ARMS & AMMUNITION
CO.

... PRODUCT OF A COMPLEX MACHINE ...

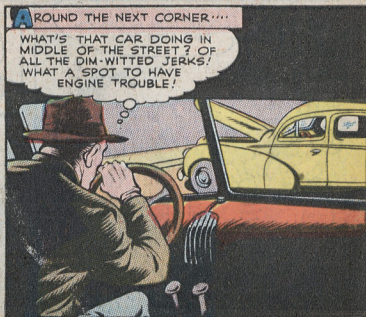
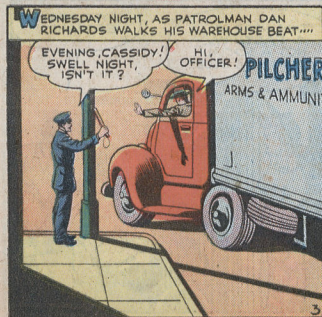
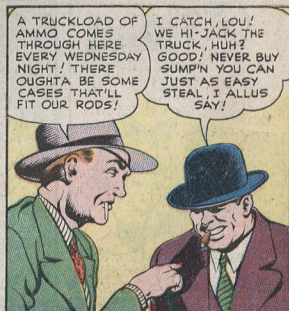
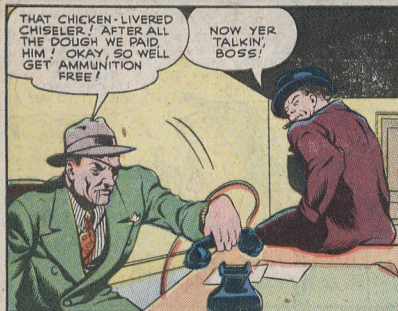
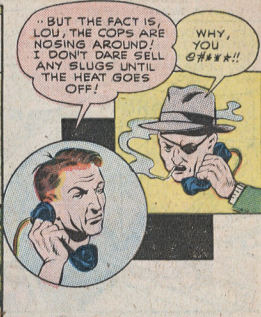
HIYUH,
LIL'?

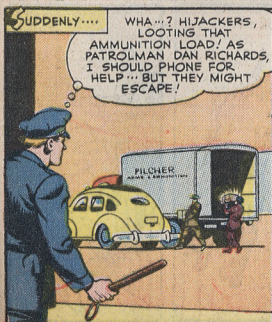
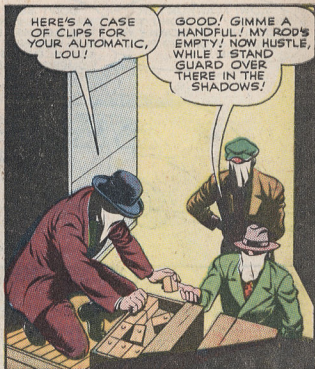
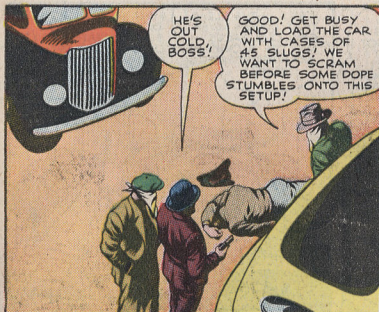
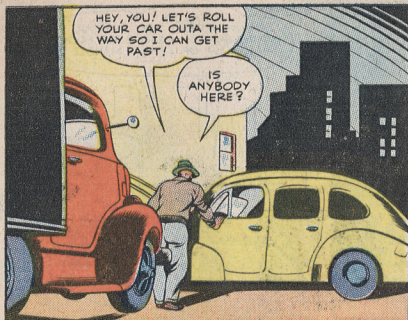
'LO,
AL!

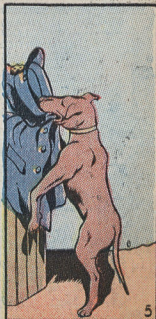
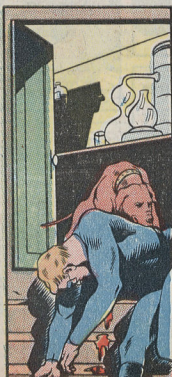
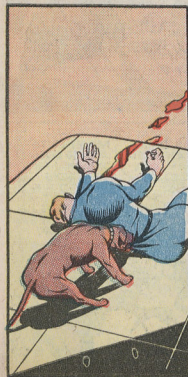
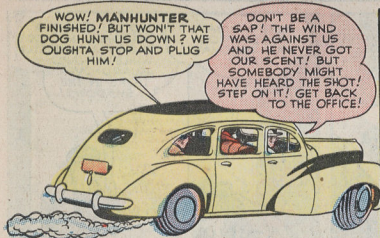
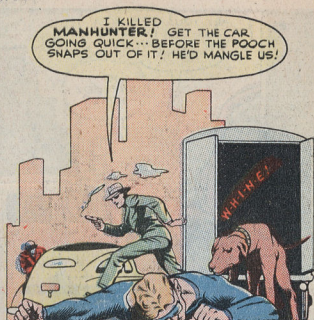
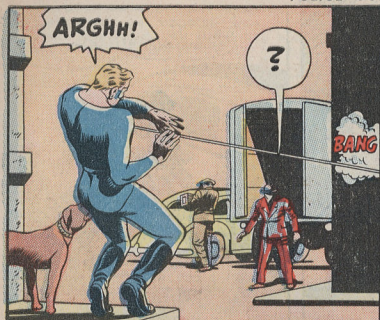
POLICE COMICS



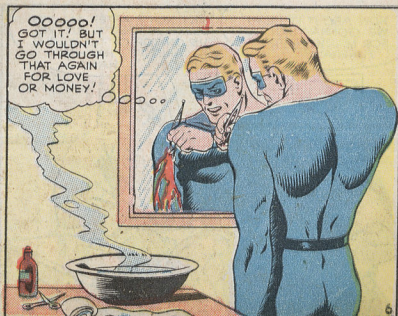
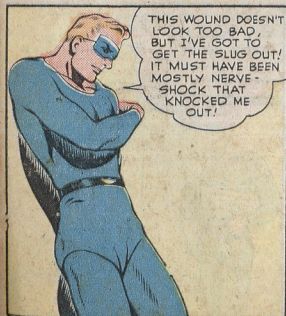
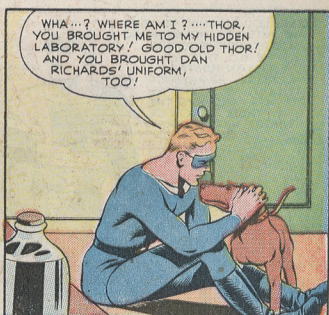
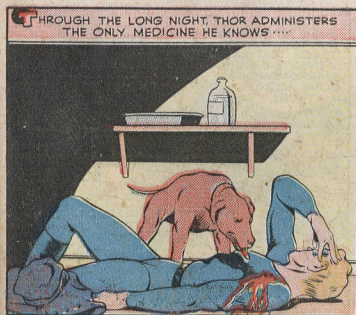
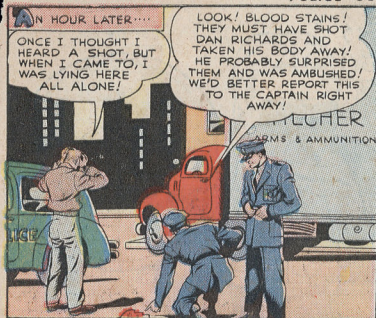
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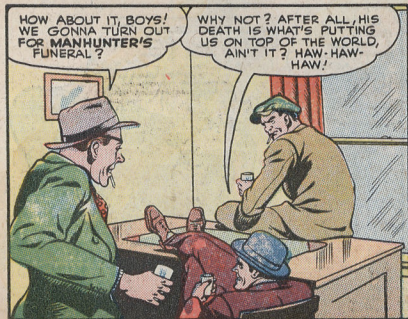
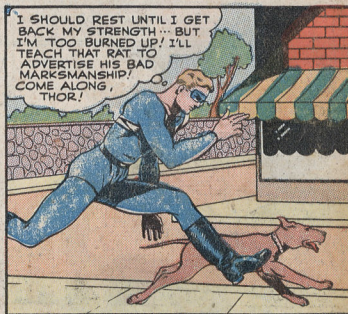
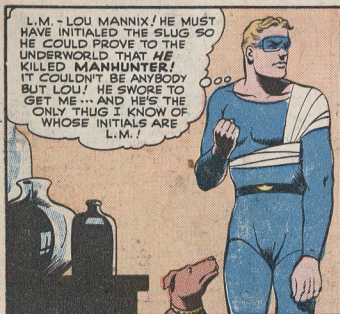
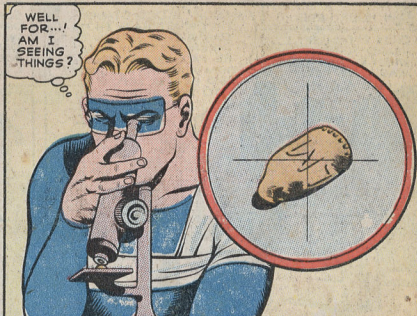


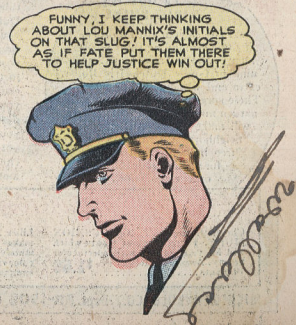
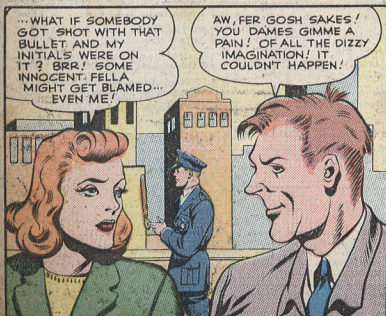
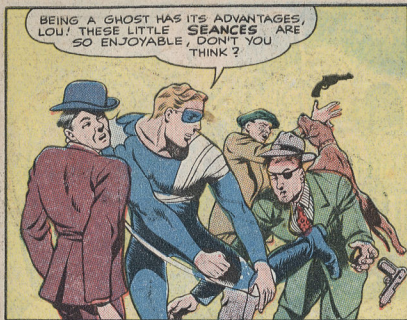


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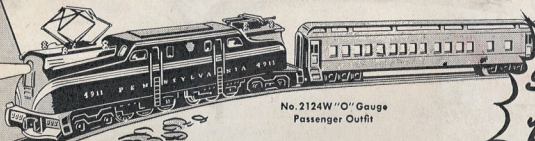
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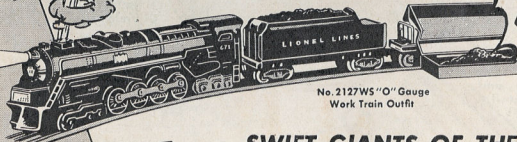


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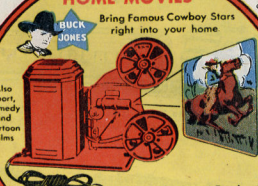
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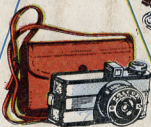


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